

Penny Part One: The Demon's Angel by Cherishes of a Lemon Drop

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Summary: Penny's in league with Pennywise in trying to kill the Lucky Seven. Lots of PWP. Pennywise/OC/Henry Bowers

1. Prologue

PENNY

PART ONE: The Demon's Angel

PROLOGUE

The cave was dark, damp, and all noise echoed off the walls. A woman around the age of eighteen lay on a large, flat boulder. Her breathing was raspy, her forehead dripping beads of sweat. She was dying.

Her skin was pale, but now that she was ill it was even paler. Her usually long, beautiful, blonde hair was matted, dirty, and tangled. Her eyes were now a dull, lifeless blue instead of their usual shining, crystal blue. She was a beautiful young woman. Her body was formed flawlessly. She bore curves that'd make a goddess jealous, with a large bust and beautifully-shaped hips. She was tall, with a dancer's body, and able to do many acrobatic moves. She moved swiftly, talked swiftly. This young woman was swift. She could charm any man with just a glance of her ocean blue eyes.

Suddenly, a figure loomed over her suffering body. Her chest heaved heavily. She glanced up to see a tall man, dressed in a large, yellow clown suit with puffy orange buttons running down his chest. His face was painted white with a large traditional red-painted smile, even though his lips formed no smile. Large puffs of red sprouted from the sides of his head. To complete the clown costume, he bore a bright, round, red nose.

He brushed a white-gloved hand against her forehead, and growled, baring a set of razor-sharp teeth.

"I-I'm dying...Help m-me..." she gasped. Her breathing grew faster, unsteady. He gripped her forehead with his gloved hand tightly.

"It's time to go back anyway," the clown responded.

"I need them," she rasped. "I-I n-need to f-feed." She coughed, followed by a gag, almost coughing up her insides. "Children. I need to...eat them."

"And you will," the clown promised. He took his hand from her head and clenched it into a fist down at his side. His voice twisted into something even more demonic, if that was possible, for his voice already sounded so evil.

"Don't worry, Penny, you will."

2. Chapter 1

PENNY

PART ONE: The Demon's Angel

CHAPTER ONE

Her heels echoed off the walls as she walked down the hall, following a tall, balding man with a long nose and thick eyebrows. He was dressed in a brown tweed suit and was the principal of the new school she was attending.

Penelope Wisenhower was going into the sixth grade, only she didn't so much look twelve. Her body was much too developed and her mass of make-up made her look so much older. She had to be no younger than fifteen. Dressed in a leather skirt that barely reached the end of her butt, a low-cut skin-tight tank-top that exposed most of her cleavage and her stomach, a leather motorcycle jacket, and knee-high leather black boots, she looked to be a hooker rather than student. Occasionally, the principal escorting her would look back just to get a good look at her again, looking especially at her torso where her over-sized breasts were popping out of her shirt.

"Where did you say you were from, Penelope?" asked the principal. Her hands were stuffed in the jacket pockets.

"It's Penny, and none of your business," she retorted. The principal glared at her before taking one last look at her body and turning his head.

He stopped in front of a door, then turned the knob. But before he twisted it open, he murmured to Penny, "Stay here."

She obeyed when he walked into the class. She looked at her surroundings. The walls were off-white and the floors were a light brown linoleum. Each door was brown with a small little window above the room number.

The principal came back out and escorted Penny in.

The class full of sixth graders fell silent and dropped their jaws, including Miss Douglass, the sixth grade teacher, and a tall elder woman.

"Class, I'd like you to meet Penelope Wisenhower." Penny shot the principal a look of death for incorrectly introducing her. The principal cleared his throat, startled by her stare. "*Penny*, why don't you tell the class about yourself?" The look vanished from Penny's face as she walked to the front of the class, every set of eyes following her. She smiled a dazzling smile and looked out into the sea of young, innocent children. Oh how each one of those children looked so appetizing to her. She kept from licking her perfect, red lips.

However, there were three boys sitting in the back who looked to be about her age, maybe a little younger.

See, I told you there wouldn't be a problem. You don't stand out too much, the demonic voice whispered in her head.

He was right. Almost. She definitely stood out. Dressing up as a hooker definitely did drop jaws, just like she'd expected. Well, she definitely could not dress as she normally did, or that would really cause attention.

"I have nothing to say," she said sweetly, turning her head to the principal. The sparkle in her ocean blue eyes made his knees weak. His breath became heavy as he stared at her, wanting to handle her the way he had always dreamed of handling a woman. In a way he couldn't even handle his own wife.

"Jacob, are you okay?" asked Miss Douglass softly. Penny cocked her head to the side, eyes still sparkling and lips still grinning.

The principal nodded his head and quickly ran out the classroom. Suddenly, murmur began to rise from the students. Penny looked back into the chatty crowd and landed her gaze on one of the older boys. He was sitting next to a dark-haired boy who wore suspenders and a white shirt and dark trousers. The older boy caught her gaze

and stared back, almost fazed by it. He glanced her down, landing on her bust for bit a longer than anybody should have and continued down her long legs.

"Miss Wisenhower, you can take any empty seat you find that pleases you," Miss Douglass said, still gawking at Penny. She turned her head and nodded.

"Thank you ma'am," she said politely and walked down to an empty desk in the middle row and forth desk from the wall. Each of the five rows bore six desks. She sat down, with the students still staring at her incredible beauty and outrageous clothing.

Penny looked at each and every kid in the room and her hunger grew. A satisfied grin spread across her face as she folded her hands together on her desk. When she met each child's eyes, they quickly turned their gaze to the front of the class where Miss Douglass had taken Penny's place.

I'm starving. I need to eat. I'm going to fall ill again, she said in her mind to the other demonic voice.

I know, I know. But not yet. Let's toy with them. We'll pick a few here and there, but it's been thirty years since we've had any fun. The voice chuckled and Penny narrowed her eyes slightly, really glaring inside her head.

But I'm starving! I haven't had anything to eat! I almost died during those thirty years! You're willing to put me through that again?

Calm down, Penny. You'll get those damn brats. I want to toy with their minds first. Make them go insane, then we can eat them.

We?

Yes, we, the demonic voice inside her head sneered. *I've been waiting thirty years as well.*

But you weren't on your deathbed!

Just shut up and pay attention. Don't blow your cover. They'll think you're insane.

Nobody will figure it out, Pennywise, you moron. Or should I call you Robert Gray? A slight grin spread across her lips, making it seem like she were paying attention to Miss Douglass, but really mocking the voice inside her.

I gave you food! Don't you dare talk back to me, you little bitch!

Penny's smile dropped and a frown took its place.

Suddenly, she raised her hand.

"Miss Douglass, may I use the restroom?" she asked sweetly, almost too sweet for Miss Douglass to pass up. But she let her go anyway. As Penny stood, all eyes turned back to her.

When she reached the front of the class, a boy had said aloud, "Look at that sexy ass."

Miss Douglass slapped the ruler she was holding on her palm. "Henry Bowers, will you please close your mouth and pay attention," she said sternly. Penny turned her head to see the boy she was yelling at.

It was that same boy who had stared her down. Penny grinned at him while behind Miss Douglass's back.

Henry raised an eyebrow at his teacher. "Excuse me?" he scoffed.

"You heard me," Miss Douglass said timidly, yet still trying to hold up her authority.

"No one tells me to shut up," Henry retorted.

"Henry, gather your things and go over to the principal's office. I will have none of this backtalk." Miss Douglass crossed her arms in front of her chest and turned away from him as he walked past her. Nobody dared to stare at him, unless they had a death wish, for Henry Bowers was the school's bully, repeating the sixth grade numerous times.

Everybody but Penny did not stare at him. She watched him pass by her, him taking a glance at her body up close and then grinning with satisfaction. Penny followed him out of the classroom.

"Henry Bowers, huh?" she chimed, still grinning at him. Henry raised an eyebrow at her remark.

He nodded his head briefly. "Taking a liking already?" he assumed.

"I might."

"So how old are you, honey? You ain't twelve years old, that I can tell," Henry said, starting a new subject.

"Mmmm...I can tell you I'm not in twelve, but nothing else is any of your business," she said smoothly, still managing to charm him with her brilliant ocean eyes.

And then she'd done it again.

Henry's knees fell weak and he stared at her with such desire, such hunger and eagerness. He wanted her. He wanted to be inside of her.

He pushed her against an empty wall near the bathrooms and closed the space in between them, running his hands all along her body, panting heavily.

"You'd want to," Penny whispered, casting him under her spell.

"Yes, yes," he said. His mouth began to water as his hands ran up her chest.

"You'd want to now," she said.

"Yes! Yes!" Henry exclaimed. Penny chuckled as she let him kiss her neck and down her chest, wanting to dig his face inside her shirt.

She leaned down and whispered into his ear. "Oh I'll have great use for you, Henry Bowers."

And then she swiftly got out from Henry's embrace and trailed down to the girls' bathroom, leaving Henry at the wall, bewildered and stuck in his trance.

She opened the bathroom door and immediately the lights dimmed. She was alone, which was good. She needed to be alone for this

meeting. She stared at herself in the long mirror above the sinks that took up one wall.

And then her eyebrows narrowed and a hiss escaped her perfect lips.

"You *dare* call me a bitch?"

She gripped the long porcelain sink with her hands, her long fingers squeezing it so tight it began to crack.

She saw in the mirror two white-gloved hands come up from behind her and rested on her shoulders.

"I fed you and you were back-sassing me," the same voice from inside her head said aloud.

And then a tall figure came up from behind her. A man disguised as a clown with a white face, tufts of red hair, and a yellow suit appeared in the mirror behind her, still gripping her shoulders.

"Let go of me," Penny hissed again.

The clown was frowning and glaring at her. But his hands ran down her arms, slipping off her jacket.

"Don't even," she warned.

"Henry Bowers? You are a whore," the clown said. Penny growled, but then grinned.

"I know, it's what I do."

And suddenly, the hooker-dressed sixth grader was gone. In her place was a much older woman, a woman with the looks of eighteen or so dressed as a gypsy. Her hair was long and a purple ribbon was tied in her hair like a headband. Another long and much thicker ribbon was tied around her chest, exposing how big her bust was. She wore something that looked like purple panties to match the ribbon in her hair and another clear green ribbon that matched the one tied around her chest was tied around her waist like a belt. A big, silver hoop earring hung in her right ear and silver bangles hung from her wrists. Another silver bangle was hanging from her left foot, resting on her

ankles.

She turned to face the tall clown, who's frown had disappeared and was replaced by a wide smile.

"Dance for me, Penny the Gypsy?"

3. Chapter 2

PENNY

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CHAPTER TWO

Penny the Gypsy was pleased to do Pennywise's bidding. Eager with a sly smile, she pushed the tall clown against the bathroom wall, running her hands up his chest, over the large orange puffballs, her tongue hanging out, as if to lick him. Her leg arched upward, hooking the back of his own, and Pennywise took it with a white-gloved hand, running it along her thigh, reaching the cheek of her butt.

"Who would have thought," drawled Penny, "that the clown and the gypsy would have hooked up?" Pennywise's large, painted smile curled upward with his own lips.

"Could have sworn you would have ended up with the Iron Man," said Pennywise, speaking of the man who could lift three cars with his left hand and take a cannonball to the stomach without flinching. He'd been a popular sight at the circus whenever they came into town.

"We had our flings," Penny admitted, though she needed not to, since it was very well known amongst the circus folk. "His dick was large and hard, just like his chest," she said with a grin, and then adding, "just the way I like it." Pennywise grimaced.

"But he didn't know how to handle a woman," she continued, the grin leaving her face, replacing it with a sneer. "He'd flatten me almost to pieces whenever he'd get on top of me. Broke the bed once.

"But you, Pennywise," she said, a twinkle in her eye, "you are just perfect. Perfect size, perfect dick, perfect face."

Suddenly, she waved a hand in front of the clown's face and

Pennywise no longer had the painted face. He was pale and bald with high cheekbones and yellow eyes. He grinned a toothy grin when Penny reached behind him and pulled down the zipper to his costume, leaving Pennywise absolutely nude. Her leg reached up and hooked around his waist.

"And now it's your turn," she whispered sexily and rested her head on his chest, fingering his nipple. Pennywise reached behind Penny's dainty body and untied the scarf that covered her large breasts, releasing them from their captivity. She sighed with relief when his hand reached down to cup her breast, only able to hold part of it, since it was so abnormally large -- the size of a basketball, in fact. Pennywise's other hand trailed down her back, reaching the purple panties and slipping them off, only enough so that he had room to stick himself inside.

Just as he was about to, however, they heard voices and footsteps coming towards the girls' bathroom. Both the clown and the gypsy glared and hissed.

"*Fuck!*" Pennywise growled and grabbed Penny's hand, making a dive for the sink drain. The drain pipe was quite roomy for the two of them, since they were demons feeding on children and appearing in their nightmares.

Sure enough, they heard two girls chatting about a boy named Bill Denbrough.

"He's sure cute," said one girl. "Do you think he'll take me on a date if I asked him?"

"You should try it!" exclaimed the other one in agreement. "That'd boy have to be bonkers to turn down a girl like you."

"Bill Denbrough...the brother of the boy you killed?" whispered Penny. Pennywise nodded. Then, suddenly, Penny widened her eyes. She'd forgotten she was supposed to be back at class. After all, she'd asked to go to the bathroom. Would Miss Douglass suspect her of doing anything explicit? Probably, since she was the whore of the class.

"Damn it," she muttered. "I've got to get back to class." Pennywise nodded and suddenly growled that traveled up through the pipes and echoed through the bathroom. They heard the two girls scream and run out of the room.

"There. We'll continue this down *there*," he said, speaking of their home in the sewers. "Continue what you do best, baby, and don't sell us out."

Penny rolled her eyes. "As if I would," she said and kissed him. Pennywise roughly kissed her back, feeling every inch of her body as best as he could.

"Oh, I want to stay," moaned Penny as Pennywise injected his fingers up into her vagina, kissing her breasts. She reached down to grab hold of his long and hard spear, massaging it with one hand.

"No, go back," sighed Pennywise reluctantly, looking into her blue eyes. He unstuck his fingers, sucked on them, and smoothed her face. "This will never end."

Penny nodded and climbed out of the drain, still in her botched clothing. Within a second, she was back to Penny Wisenhower, and Pennywise was dressed as the clown again.

"Remember, gather the children. We can't go hungry again. Use any form of help if you can," he advised. Penny nodded.

"Oh I know just the one," she said slyly and walked out.